Swordplay

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22089280.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Three Musketeers (2011), Young Blades (2001), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	d'Artagnan/Comte de Rochefort
Characters:	d'Artagnan fils (Young Blades), Comte de Rochefort
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe, Sword practice, Teasing, Taunting, Sexual Tension, Swordplay, Knifeplay, Blood, First Kiss, Kissing, Rutting, Coming In Pants, Intercrural Sex, Possessive Rochefort, Submissive D'Artagnan, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 104 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Collections:	EatTheRare 2019
Stats:	Published: 2020-01-02 Words: 2,090 Chapters: 1/1

Swordplay

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Rochefort walks in on d'Artagnan practising his swordsmanship, the Captain of the Guard cannot help but give his opinion freely.

Notes

Prompted by InsanelyWriteful <3

d'Artagnan tensed at the huff behind him. Hearing it only a moment after his sword clanged to the floor of the stable.

"My hands are cold," d'Artagnan winced as he made the admission, knowing what was to come next. Or at least thinking he did.

He expected laughter. He expected Athos and Porthos to tease him and then drag him to the tavern to warm him up.

Instead he heard words spoken with a thick sneer.

"Better not go to war in the cold then had you?"

d'Artagnan screwed up his face completely and tensed all the more. He didn't want to turn and look at the face of the man he least wanted to see. Comte de Rochefort, Captain of the

Cardinal’s Guard.

They had come to blows before. In fact, they had first met before d’Artagnan had even reached Paris. And they seemed destined - as respective members of the Cardinal’s guard and the King’s musketeers - to continue to be at odds.

Which was probably for the best, considering the tension d'Artagnan was sure they both felt between them every time they had a chance to meet and interact, even in any small way.

“Why are you here, Rochefort?” d’Artagnan tried his best to spit the words, “This stable is for the horses of the King’s Guard. You have no-”

“Hush your yapping, little puppy. It is an annoyance to me,” Rochefort dismissed him, quickly and easily. And unfortunately, in that same way that always made d’Artagnan tremble.

He’d wondered at times before, whether this tension he felt really was mutual. Whether Rochefort found himself hard and wanting when he returned to his chambers after they conversed, bantered and taunted each other.

d’Artagnan rounded on the man with as much composure as he could muster, and set his face into a stern expression.

“I should call the guard, you Cardinal’s men take enough liberties around here!”

Rochefort’s face broke into a gentle grin and he chuckled. It was so unbelievably disarming and d’Artagnan wanted nothing more than to kiss the smirking mouth.

“Call away, I’m sure plenty of the Cardinal’s men are in earshot. As for why I am here,” Rochefort started to pull off one of his gloves as he walked towards some of the tack stowed at the side of the stables. “We’ve had some saddles go missing, I am keen to locate them with as little fuss as possible.”

d’Artagnan frowned, knowing that even as a prank, no one would take anything from the Cardinal’s men.

Rochefort ran his hand over one of the worn saddles, “They are not here.” He said suddenly, his search apparently concluded.

d’Artagnan’s frown deepened and he watched as Rochefort removed his other glove, placed them both on the saddle and then walked towards him. He stopped to stoop and pick up d'Artagnan's sword that still lay on the ground.

“As poor a swordsman as when we first met, I see.” Rochefort taunted, balancing the blade in his hand and surveying it. “I watch you train, you know? I find myself interested in how you do. And disappointed that you do so badly.”

d’Artagnan took a shuddering breath, “Why would a captain of the Cardinal’s guard care about my abilities?”

“Such as they are,” Rochefort chuckled. He stepped closer and pressed the blunted tip of the practice sword to d’Artagnan’s chest. “You spark curiosity. I like how you tremble.” Rochefort smirked.

And d’Artagnan knew he didn’t just mean the way he was currently shaking like a leaf, but all those other encounters too.

“I’m not scared of you, you know!” d'Artagnan replied, puffing out his chest defiantly. Taking a moment to realise it was perhaps the wrong choice of words, much more revealing than he’d intended. That it wasn't fear that made him tremble.

“Oh, I know,” Rochefort let out a dark chuckle and advanced, allowing the sword to slide up until they were almost pressed together and he held it across d’Artagnan’s throat. “Perhaps you should be.”

d’Artagnan swallowed and shuddered, his cock starting to harden.

“I notice how you notice me,” The captain continued. “I presume you are foolhardy, enjoy danger, or both.”

He pressed the blade a little tighter to d'Artagnan's throat, just shy of breaking the skin.

d’Artagnan let out a whimper and gave an involuntary thrust of his hips.

“Both,” Rochefort laughed as he slipped his free hand between them and grabbed d’Artagnan’s crotch.

d’Artagnan’s moan was caught in Rochefort’s mouth as he surged forward and pressed their lips together.

When Rochefort pulled back, d’Artagnan almost stumbled, so drawn into the kiss as he was. He whimpered at the loss and Rochefort merely sneered at him.

The captain threw his sword at his feet and then took out his own, stalking in a circle in front of him.

“Come, show me how you would kill an enemy.” Rochefort dared him.

d’Artagnan hesitated for a moment, unsure about the situation he had now found himself in.

“Come along, boy. Soldiers won’t wait for you to pick up your sword.” Rochefort growled and lunged forward, nicking a clean slice in the arm of d’Artagnan’s shirt.

d’Artagnan dropped to the ground, trying to keep his eyes on Rochefort as he fumbled for his sword. When he finally had it in hand he stood, raising it, but not in time to fend off another strike. This time Rochefort cut through the other sleeve, slicing a thin stinging line into his skin.

d’Artagnan hissed with the pain, looking down at his arm before glaring back at Rochefort.

Rochefort laughed at him.

“If you don’t protect yourself, you’ll be naked soon,” Rochefort lunged again, this time clearly going for the front of his shirt, but d’Artagnan deflected it. “Good, we might make a swordsman of you yet.”

d'Artagnan smiled, letting his guard down, and Rochefort lunged again, this time neatly removing the fastenings of his shirt and leaving it billowing open as he chuckled.

d’Artagnan tried to pull the cloth back around him whilst keeping hold of his sword.

Still laughing, Rochefort cocked a brow and lowered his sword, “A soldier must continue to fight if they have lost a limb, you have merely lost some clothes.” He tutted and shook his head.

His face burned as he huffed and glowered at Rochefort, who just continued to wordlessly mock him.

After a moment of silence, Rochefort cleared his throat and let out a sigh, putting his sword completely down at his side and flourishing his other hand. “Here, I won’t even be ready for you. Show me your best,” he taunted.

d’Artagnan knew he was impetuous to the point of stupidity, he’d been told often enough, but that never stopped him before. So he advanced forward, raising his sword and then lunged.

Rochefort was in front of him one moment, and the next he was practically twirling away, d’Artagnan’s sword almost unhanded by the swirl of the man’s cloak.

“Everything is a weapon,” Rochefort growled, circling back around. “Again!” He commanded. And d’Artagnan tried, again and again. Each time not remotely close to making contact with the man who wasn’t even raising his own sword.

“Why do you even care?” d’Artagnan panted out with a growl as he circled in a defensive stance, Rochefort not even remotely near breaking a sweat.

“A simple reason,” Rochefort was instantly upon him and d’Artagnan’s eyes went wide as he was backed against hay bales with Rochefort’s sword against his throat once more. “I plan to be the only person that marks this skin.”

The words slid over d'Artagnan like molten heat, seeping into his bones as he shuddered. He started to grow hard and Rochefort pressed a knee between his legs, whilst his torso pulled back enough to rip off what was left of the musketeer’s shirt and draw the end of his blade lightly across d’Artagnan’s chest.

d’Artagnan winced and sucked in a breath as his blood bloomed up from along the trail. Only a little, barely a scratch, but intense nonetheless.

The only thing more intense in that moment was Rochefort leaning down and licking the blood trail from bottom to top, before pressing his mouth to d’Artagnan’s.

He whimpered into the kiss, dropping his sword and clutching at Rochefort's shoulders as the man urged him to grind down on his thigh.

They rut together, Rochefort still clasping his sword in one hand as he used the other to roughly hold the hair at the back of d'Artagnan's head and angle the kiss even deeper.

d'Artagnan groaned, shameless now in his desire.

It was only with a moment's realisation that he pulled back from the kiss, gasping "I'm goin-" before spilling himself inside his clothes. His come clung hot and sticky to him, made worse by the way Rochefort continued to rock his thigh for just a moment longer, grinning as he did so.

d'Artagnan was panting and shaking as Rochefort stepped back, still perfectly composed. Finally he put down his sword, thrusting it into the hay bale, before reaching for his fastenings and undoing his britches.

"Turn around, I want your thighs." Rochefort rumbled, the words making d'Artagnan shiver and he wondered if he might get immediately hard again.

Letting out a long breath, he turned as he unfastened his own trousers, letting them fall to the ground as he leaned onto the hay. He bit at his lower lip as he imagined taking Rochefort inside him. Whether that might be something in his future, and finding himself moaning at the idea.

Rochefort chuckled at that and he could hear the man spit into his palm before feeling him tight against him.

Rochefort kicked d'Artagnan's feet, "Wider, then…" He pushed his cock between d'Artagnan's thighs, up under his balls and he was sure he would have come right then had he not done so already. "Back together, squeeze me boy." Rochefort commanded.

d'Artagnan didn't need to be told twice, clenching his thighs together and feeling the movement between them. He moaned as Rochefort grunted and fucked, the man's precome starting to slick the way, more so than his spit. It was then that he took hold of d'Artagnan's hips and thrust roughly as he held the boy still.

He was panting now, Rochefort. Finally losing some composure as he leaned in and whispered next to d'Artagnan's ear. "No one else has you like this. Understand? You're mine."

d'Artagnan nodded, groaning at the sensation that was making his cock twitch anew. "Yes, Captain."

Rochefort chuckled, but it came out in ragged pants, and he snaked an arm around d'Artagnan's chest, hand spreading through the blood there as he fucked hard and fast between his thighs.

Finally he came. Grunting, controlled, shuddering. His come splattered against the hay and dripped down on d'Artagnan's clothing, adding to the soiling they'd already received.

There was no preamble, no soft words, before Rochefort pulled back and tucked himself away. He stepped back as he composed himself.

d'Artagnan pulled his clothes back into place as best he could, watching warily as Rochefort did the same. Wondering what would happen next now that the captain had seemingly gotten what he wished for. Finding that he wanted to be accommodating of whatever it might be.

Rochefort straightened up and smirked at him. And in that moment, d'Artagnan was sure the man was going to turn and leave. Probably spread the word of how easily d'Artagnan capitulated to him. How easily he spread his thighs.

But Rochefort did not. Instead he strode back to d'Artagnan and grasped a hand roughly around the back of his neck before pulling him in for another hungry kiss. When they broke, d'Artagnan was breathless and trembling once more.

"As none of your fellow musketeers seem competent to do so, I will train you in swordsmanship. Starting tomorrow. I will meet you here at midnight. If you do well, I will reward you by getting on my knees for you. That is how confident I am that you will disappoint me for quite some time." The tone was harsh but Rochefort leaned their foreheads together as he spoke. "I meant what I said, no one else with mark you. No one else with have you. You are mine."

"Yes sir," d'Artagnan answered breathlessly.

They kissed again, deep and slow. Full of the tension that still sparked between them. Rochefort's moan into his mouth told d'Artagnan that the captain of the guard was just as eager for the lessons as he was.

Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!